Tuesday Sept. 16th 1862

Ballad.

Alice was like a morn of spring

Composed and Dedicated to
his friend
Percy Lansmere Esqr.
(by permission)
by

J. C. Arlidge.

Op. 1.

Musical Bouquet Office,] [192, High Holborn.

Ballad. Alice was like a morn of spring.

(J. C. Arlidge.)

Voice

Piano-Forte.

Fair May

A - - lice was like a morn of spring, I sought her love with many sighs Till none but love songs

p dim - - - - - - pp mf cres - - -

could she sing I loved her for her loving eyes I loved her for - her loving eyes

- - - - - f

I loved her for - - - her lov - - - ing eyes.

Sweet Nell

Ber - - tha was as an autumn eve O her still ways her low replies save love sorrow could

p dim - - - - - - - pp mf cres - - -

cres I conceive Bit - ter - - ly wept those loving eyes Bitter ly wept those loving

eyes Bitter - - ly - - wept - - those lov - - - ing eyes

V. S.

Now winters winds have stripped the thorn bare stands the sparrows empty nest but ruddy berries

still a-down love's place less win-tered than my breast, love's place less win - - tered than my

breast, love's place less win - - tered than - - - - - my breast

Ballad. Alice was like a morn of spring.

(J. C. Arlidge.)

Voice

Piano-Forte.

A - - - lice was like a morn of spring, I sought her love with many sighs,

Till none but love - songs could she sing I loved her for her lov-ing eyes I loved her

for her lov - -ing eyes I loved her for - - - - her lov - - - - - ing eyes.

Musical Bouquet Office,] [192, High Holborn.

Ballad, Alice was like a morn of spring.

Music by J. C. Arlidge.
Poetry by P.

Voice

Piano-Forte

A - lice was like a morn of spring

I sought her love with many sighs Till none but love songs could she sing I loved her for

her loving eyes I loved her for her lov - - - - ing eyes

Moderato

A lice was like a rose of spring I sought her love with many sighs till none but love songs could

p tim - - -

Risoluto

f

2nd time 8va e f

p con sentimento

8

2nd time 8va

1st time

p

2nd time

Ballad "Alice was like a moon of spring."

Josh. Churchill Arlidge.

Andante.

Voice

A - lice was like a moon of spring I sought her love with many — sighs till

p dim — — — — — — — — fp mp

Piano.

Andante.

none but love songs could she sing I loved her for her loving eyes I loved her for

cres — — — — — — — ff p

her lov-ing eyes I loved her for her lov- - - ing - - eyes

p. Ber - tha was as an autumn eve @ her still ways her low rep - lies save love songs none could

pp cres - - mf - dim - - - mf. cres - - - - - -

I conceive Bit - ter - - ly wept those loving eyes Bitterly wept those loving

eyes Bitter - - ly - - wept those lov - - - - - - - ing eyes

Rit. - - - a tem.

Now Winters winds have stripped the thorn bare stands the sparrows empty nest but

ruddy berries still a-dorn Love's place less wintered than my breast, Love's place less win-

-tered than my breast Loves place less win-tered than - - - - - - my breast.